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Political.

A FOX CHASE IN FEASTERTVILLE.

Or, the Story of Mary and Her Little Lamb.

A stern chase is a long one, but the zest of the pursuer is often measured by the length of the pursuit, and a triumph is all the more enjoyed after a difficult encounter. The political contest, too, in South Carolina is one of unusual heat, and is characterized by much bitterness, and it is therefore a relief to enjoy an episode in which the ridiculous is the predominant feature and in which the game has been at least fun to the boys if the frogs have had a hard time of it.

The burden of the present article is a game of fox and hounds in which a member of Congress, so far relaxed his dignity as to personate Reynard, while the other character was assumed by a gentleman who takes a hand in everything and shines in all, and who at present is the choice of the Democracy for Senator from Fairfield.

Congressman A. S. Wallace, who has represented the people of this district for four terms, sometimes by the grace of Congress, sometimes by the aid of Federal bayonets and infamous dragoonades on the people, and sometimes by the sloth of the whites, is too well known to our readers to need a description. He is summed up in an expression of Judge Mackey's that every time he sees Mr. Wallace he expects to find protruding from his capacious coat-tails seventy-five rattles and a button.

Maj. Woodward also needs no description. By a casual observer he would be considered the antipode of our worthy congressman, with whom he has nothing in common, and with whom it was thought no human mind could be so anomalously constructed in birth or mysteriously warped in associating with guileful men as to couple him in any possible way. But how these gentlemen met by chance—the usual way—how they became acquainted, how they called up spirits from the vasty deep of the same flagon, how they broke bread and cracked jokes with equal gusto, how they became sworn friends, political Siamese twins, as it were, and how they exemplified the old couplet "Everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure to go"—to narrate all this in as brief a space as possible is the purpose of the present chronicler.

Mr. Wallace desires a reelection to Congress. He sees moreover his seat rapidly moving from under him, and he knows that unless something desperate is done, Col. Evans will succeed him. Fairfield, to his shame be it said, has always been his stronghold, and whatever majorities were cast against him elsewhere they were counterbalanced here. His last resort was to retain his grasp on Fairfield. For this purpose he contemplated a canvass in the county. But the difficulty with him is that he cannot bear daylight. His record in regard to the colored people is more vulnerable than that of any man, Democrat or Republican, in the Southern States. For this reason he is compelled to shun discussion. His only hope is to send out emissaries to detain his constituents or to prevent them from attending any meeting where his card-board character is likely to be perforated. He accordingly prepared to move in secret. On Wednesday night, September 27th, he reached Winnsboro, and having sent runners through the county to summon the faithful to some secluded spots, set out on Friday morning with Mr. H. A. Smith in a buggy. As a blind it was given out that a meeting would take place at the cross-roads near Mr. Pope's place, seven miles from the Boro. Mr. Woodward, who is developing into the most admirable electioneer in the State, was on the alert. Accordingly, he posted off to the designated spot in order to measure words with a Congressman. He had wearied of working cross-road politicians and Senatorial aspirants in the mighty field of forensic eloquence. He sighed for fresh worlds to conquer. To argue with a real live Congressman, one who had sat at the feet of Butler and Blaine and Colfax and Oakes Ames—who had voted to raise the tax on wool hats and had made a speech on chicory—was glory enough, but could he vanquish him in debate then he was in a fair way to pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon or dive into the deeps and pluck up drowned honor by the locks, while a special niche would set be, apart for him in Fame's proud temple.

The Major, intent on glory, reached the spot. All along the road

he had culled fresh flowers of rhetoric with which to adorn stubborn facts. To his disgust he saw three colored men, *Spontaneous*, guarding the political Thermopylae. Feeling that this was no time for a 'gratulation' speech, he assaulted the garrison. One he brained with a quotation from Hudibras; another went down boldly before the ponderous weight of a column of figures snatched solidly from the report on Legislative and printing expenses, and the third was incontinently choked by a copy of Chamberlain's arraignment of the Radical party. The field was clear, the Major was monarch of all he surveyed. He perched upon the fence to await the charge of some other knight, errant. Grand, gloomy and peculiar he sat like a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality—or words to that effect. All was still around him. Not a leaf stirred. Not a branch stirred. Nothing broke the stillness save the occasional caw of a crow, intent on some corn-field—or the snore of his setter at his feet. Dreams of glory passed through his mind. He saw the Senate-room with its plush carpets, its gorgeous hangings and the familiar face of Gen. Gary sitting beside him, and sipping peanutshells in a fourteen-dollar cuspidor. But hark! a noise! It grows more distinct. The sound of horses' feet is heard, the tramping comes nearer—It is—it is—Wallace, the long looked for, come at last. He draws nearer. A salutation is exchanged. "Good morning, Colonel." "How are you, Major?" "Colonel, I have come to make a speech with you to day." "A speech, I am not going to make a speech!" "Ah, we'll see more about that to night." I promised Col. Evans, if you ever came here, I would escort you into every nook and corner of the county, and I intend to do it. You are a sly old fox, but you have got one of the best old hounds on your track you ever saw. "I am going nowhere," said Mr. Wallace. "Well that will be seen. In the meantime we've got some mighty bad boys about these parts, and I am going along to protect you, and I'll follow you right up to the Chester line." Mr. Wallace rather demurred at first, but came down gracefully, and the two entered into a general conversation on the crops and the weather and politics and other matters, becoming quite sociable, and sharing lunch along the road. For several minutes they travelled on, as the Major says, "me and Pup being the only two dogs along." At last they met Mr. Powell, and Major Woodward sent him with orders to tell the Democrats who had started out that the meeting at the cross-roads was a sham and they must follow on, as he was going to the jumping off place, though he had no idea where that would be. In the meanwhile the trio went on. At last the old fox made for Feasterville, but the good hound still followed. At "Possum Branch," near Mr. J. W. Yonag's place, Messrs. J. W. McCraith and Meas Davis caught up in a buggy, and the Major, taking his seat in the buggy sent Mr. McC. back to call up the mourners. After traveling a mile or more Messrs. Francis P. D. Evans, Jos. Kenney, Wm. Horton and Walter Rosborough rode up and joined in the procession. (We neglected to mention that Maj. Woodward had met Mr. Joe Nevitt and hurried him back to tell the people that he thought Wallace was making for a meeting at Feasterville, and summoning them to attend the meeting. Mr. Nevitt did good work as afterwards shown.) Up hill and down hill the procession moved, not a word being exchanged between the foremost buggy and the rest of the company. The thing began to be monotonous. The fox would turn his head occasionally back to see the pack following, and the Major would say to the boys that he saw his brush drooping and the hole would soon be reached. Then, one by one, others began dropping in. Col. F. J. Cameron, one of our next representatives, Mr. R. E. Ellison Jr., Mr. Young, Mr. Kelly and others took their places in the procession. It was a funeral procession. It was in honor of the political death of the Congressman, and Major Woodward was chief mourner! The sun declined in the west. Time ran itself down in golden sands. And still the line moved on, grave and solemn. At intervals, fresh arrivals swelled the number. Occasionally an enthusiastic individual would say, "Follows, I wouldn't take ten dollars for this trip." The gentleman to whom the good people of Fairfield were assembling to do honor looked back. Still they came. Still they preserved a respectful silence. But still they stuck. Skilful hunters thought the hole was near at hand, and it was not. After passing Faneuf's store, the Congressman and his escort turned into a gate and headed for Mr. Wyatt Coleman's. Still up hill and down, still through gates, which were cautiously opened by the outriders, the procession moved. Arriving at the house, the first buggy drove up to the door and Mr. Wallace got out and walked into the house. The second buggy drove close to the first, and Maj. Woodward got out and walked into the house. The

buggy and did not enter the house. Not a word was spoken, though a few sides shook with suppressed laughter. Presently Mr. Coleman came out, seeming surprised, we must confess, at the unexpected visitors, but he extended to them a warm welcome. The spell of silence was broken, arrangements were made for a meeting that night, and most of the party dispersed to different places in the neighborhood for supper. Messrs. Wallace and Smith, however, and Maj. Woodward and Horton remained at Mr. Coleman's. In a few minutes Chris. Coleman, Mr. Coleman's right hand man, came in, and between the two the guests were soon made at home. Maj. Woodward introduced the crowd all round, and a general conversation sprang up. Supper was soon announced, and as none of the party had had dinner, and some had travelled twenty-five, and one had come thirty-eight miles, their appetites can be imagined. By nine o'clock the party returned, and others began to pour in. Capt. Quinn and Capt. Legg, and the Feasters and the Coleman's and the Croshys (of whom the name is legion) and many others assembled. By eleven o'clock about one hundred whites and ten or twenty colored men had assembled. The night was illuminated by the moon, and there was a bracing chilliness in the air. Maj. Woodward was called on for a speech and responded in a few humorous remarks. Calls were then had for Wallace Maj. Woodward bespoke for him an attentive and respectful hearing. He responded in a short speech which might have been mistaken for one from General Hampton.

Col. Cameron was next called on and made a telling speech, arraigning the Radical party. He toned it on the assertion of Wallace that the result of electing a Democratic Congress would be a low price for cotton, but was interrupted, but was too weak to reply.

Mr. Davis followed, complimenting Mr. Wallace on his conversion to the Democracy, and then entered into State politics. Mr. Wallace replied, and to show his colored hearers that he was still a Radical, he began one of his accustomed speeches, and touching on "the cavity." This brought Col. Cameron out again and he pitched into the record of the gentleman in a lively manner. Then Maj. Woodward had a few more words to say, and lastly Mr. Davis begged for a few moments to explain Mr. Wallace's connection with the Black Code and other matters. The Congressman talked pretty stiffly for awhile, but his arguments were turned against him, especially when he said he wanted honest men in office, and then positively refused to say whether he would support Chamberlain and Elliott. He subsided at last, and threw up the sponge. By this time it was one o'clock, and Mr. Wallace agreed that if the party dispersed he would return quietly to Winnsboro in the morning. Maj. Woodward replying that he liked his company and would follow him a week if he wished, taking him to every part of the county, acquiesced in the arrangement, and the party dispersed with cheers for Tilden and Hampton and reform. Mr. Wallace thanked them for their courteous treatment. The next morning after a hearty breakfast and a cordial leave-taking with Mr. Coleman and Chris with promises to return, Messrs. Wallace and Smith returned in one buggy and Maj. Woodward and Mr. Davis in the other. The ride was rather more sociable than that of the day previous. The Major and the Colonel became especially friendly, and passed assurances of the highest consideration, each claiming that he had converted the other. The news had spread of the adventure of the evening before, and every one white or black, met the returning party with a broad grin. The two candidates tried their hands on the colored men, and found each other worthy foemen. For the benefit of the nineteen hundred and odd other candidates who are soliciting the suffrages of the intelligent voter, we append a few instances of the many that occurred. Shortly after leaving Mr. Coleman's, Col. Wallace's keen eye espied an intelligent voter picking cotton in the field. "Good morning," said he. "Good morning," responded the I. V. "Hello, how are you?" chimed in the Major; "come here and get a chew of tobacco." I. V. approaches with a grin, and the Major dismounts. The Colonel also dismounts. Both approach the fence together. The Colonel, inquisitively—"Is he a Democrat?" The Major (who we risk all that we possess in this sublimity sphere, has never seen the man before) "Democrat, yes; why he's the biggest Democrat in the county, and the president of a couple of clubs." The Colonel to I. V.—"Well, my man, you must come out and vote for Wallace for Congress." Major—"Yes, and just tell all your people Major Woodward's running for the Senate, and he's going to stop all this stealing, and make things better. Tell 'em all to vote for him! Look here, that's a good looking dog; how is he after coons?" I. V. "No, sir,

he ain't much on coons, but he's powerful good on possums." Major. "Ah! well, next time I come along I'll take a hunt with you. Come on Colonel, let's go; it's getting late."

Some time after the party met two more colored voters. The Colonel stops his buggy and shakes hands—Major. "Look here, come shake hands with me. Don't you know I took good care of the Colonel? He was going out in a bad part of the county, and I just got on my horse and went along with him and brought him back safe. Did you hear it?" Colored voter, who has imbibed somewhat freely—"Yes, sir, I did." "Well, what did you hear?" "Well, sir, I heard that Mr. Wallace had gone out and you was gone out to take care of him, and I think that was mighty good in you too, Major Woodward." Major—"I told you so!" Col. "Yes, he got a hundred and fifty caviary and"—Major—"Yes, and I took 'em right straight up to the house where he was staying, and I wouldn't let a single man come near him to hunt him, and you know there's some powerful bad fellows in these parts." C. V. excitedly—"Yes, sir, dey is." And the Colonel drives on, and the Major swallows two chuckles and chokes on a third, and makes the mill-mannered reporter beside him jump half out of his skin by a vigorous clutch on his left leg. "Such is life," remarks the Major, "Such is politics" concludes the reporter; and the procession moves. Presently a white man comes by and makes a fearful grimace in the effort to suppress a guffaw. He has heard the news. As he passes the first buggy and reaches the second, he says, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb, "You've got him yet, have you?" "You bet," and the reporter is supplied gratis with another clutch which makes him speculate whether his limb will be a deep black in the morning or only a mild blue. Of course the gentleman must know all the particulars of the affair and some time elapses in the narration. The Colonel has passed out of sight, and the speed is somewhat accelerated to overtake him. In the bend of the road he is seen conversing with three colored men. "Good gracious, Major," exclaimed the reporter with an eye to fun, "He's getting ahead of you! Get up, you villain!" (to the horse) and off we go, at break-neck speed, and nearly run into the other buggy before we can stop ourselves. "My friends, did you know that the Colonel and I had struck hands and were running on the same platform?"—Colored voters, "You is?" Yes, of course we are; I am a better Republican to-day than Colonel Wallace is. The Colonel—"Yes, I think I'll make a good Republican of him yet." "Hooray for Major Woodward," shout three pair of able lungs, and three hats whirl in the air. Mr. Smith, smiling, and in an undertone—"Look here, Colonel, if you put any such notions in their heads, I'll be hanged if Major Woodward won't be elected." Major—"Of course I'm going to be elected; Jim-Mobley followed me around the other day and he told me if I kept on like I had begun there was no doubt I'd be elected." The Colonel—"I tell you Tom, you've taught me some wrinkles in electioneering. Major—"Well now, Colonel, I know I'll be elected." Any man that can teach you a dodge is bound to go in."

By this time, it will be observed, the rival canvassers had gotten so thick that one could almost stir them with a spoon. A mutual admiration is found to spring up between each worthy of each other's steel. Even Goliath of Gath would have had respect for David had he felt the size and weight of the pebble. A hundred other similar instances might be reported including the fact that two colored men on the road gave three cheers for Major Woodward and Hampton. In the intervals of electioneering the party discussed crops and other matters. A little after three o'clock the party reached Winnsboro, and Major Woodward escorted Mr. Wallace to the hotel. That night Mr. Wallace declined the invitation to address the citizens, and left on Saturday night by the train. And thus ended the Fox Chase of Feasterville or the Story of Mary and her Little Lamb. The incident will be remembered many years. Of the victor in this occasion we have only to say—"That when he next took a ride we may be there to see."

Judge Mackey says that Chamberlain has mistaken his term. This is not an insurrection but a resurrection.

Judge Mackey thinks that the whites are perfectly justified in forming rifle clubs, since they themselves have been rifled for eight years.

Chamberlain now abuses the very rifle club whom he accepted as an escort in Charleston in June last, and to whom he afterwards presented prizes in Columbia. Consistency, indeed!

A SPEECH BY JUDGE MACKEY.

The citizens of Winnsboro, hearing on Saturday, September 30th, that Judge Mackey had reached town, returning from the meeting at White Oak, sent a committee to wait upon him and request him to address them on the political issues of the day. The invitation was accepted and in a short time several hundred whites and about a hundred colored persons had assembled in the Court House. Dr. W. E. Aiken, the Intendant of the town, was called to the chair, and he appointed Mr. R. Means Davis secretary. After organization, Mr. T. Ross Robertson announced that Hon. A. S. Wallace was also in town, and on his motion a committee of three white and three colored citizens was appointed to invite him to address the meeting. The committee returned in a few minutes and reported that Mr. Wallace returned thanks for the invitation, but was too much indisposed to speak. The report was received as information.

Judge Mackey was then introduced to the audience and was received with the most unbounded enthusiasm. For several minutes the building rang with shouts and applause. Order having been restored, Judge Mackey made a speech of two hours in length, during all of which time he held the audience enchanted.

JUDGE MACKEY'S SPEECH.

Judge Mackey began by declaring himself a Republican, rejoicing in holding the privileges of citizenship in this great republic whose flag is a symbol of freedom on every sea on which it floats. As a national Republican he supported Hayes and Wheeler, who are the standard-bearers of reform equally with that other eminent reformer and gentleman, Samuel J. Tilden. Both of the presidential candidates are eminent men, and both confer honor on their respective adherents. But in this State the issue rises above party. The platforms presented to the people are almost identical; that of the Democracy accepts in good faith the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. The issue therefore is not the discussion of any principles of government, but the selection of the agents by which the system is to be administered. In this critical juncture, neutrality is a crime. A good citizen must define his position, and the time has come when every true son of South Carolina must follow where the plume of Hampton leads. [Tremendous applause, with a squeal from Jim Faneuf for Chamberlain.]

The industries of the State are paralyzed, the people are growing, and we see two races differing in origin and complexion but both impelled by common interests in seeking a common end. Behold a State in which the heaviest taxation is accompanied by the largest deficiencies. See the products of labor held at a lower rate than for the previous twenty-five years. See an entire people going to ruin. In this emergency, while both political organizations are calling aloud for reform, let us contrast the agents by which this demand is to be answered. While the Democratic ticket embodies reform and good government, the Republican ticket, falsely so-called, is the embodiment of pitiless, merciless pillage. [Applause.] The Union League, of which I am the highest officer in South Carolina, compels its members to swear a solemn oath before the lamp on the altar to support none but honest men for office. Whoever votes for the present Republican ticket violates that sacred pledge. [Applause.]

Here Alf. Smith, colored, rose to ask a question. The Chairman—"The speaker must not be interrupted." Judge Mackey—"Let him speak. The question to the speaker is the steel to the flint. It draws forth the spark of knowledge." Smith then began, but his remarks were rather incoherent, and Judge Mackey said: "I will not permit you to make a speech. State your question." The question being still delayed, Judge Mackey said, "A. S. Wallace has loaded this man with bad whiskey and proposes to shoot him off at me. I will not answer him." [Loud laughter and applause.]

I was an adherent of Gov. Chamberlain. I held that he deserved the approving sanction of the people. I alone of all his constituents accompanied him from point to point, canvassing for him, and asking the voters to give him their support. I labored faithfully for him in the State Nominating Convention, and when it was announced by the presiding officer of that body that Daniel H. Chamberlain was nominated, I started the shout in a wild and earnest hurrah. I believed that Gov. Chamberlain symbolized reform, and felt that when again in the gubernatorial chair he would

complete the great task he had begun.

I should have stated that before the nomination, R. B. Elliott, who has been for eight years the most conspicuous representative of his race, charged Gov. Chamberlain with being a traitor to his party. I knew that this charge was due to the efforts made by the governor for reform, the efforts which won my admiration and claimed my support. But Elliott further stated that he held in his hands documents which would prove Mr. Chamberlain guilty of a crime so great that a revelation would destroy Chamberlain and bring ruin on the party. He demanded a secret session, but the adherents of Gov. Chamberlain, confident in his integrity, and fearing that a secret session would be an admission of his guilt, promptly voted it down. Chamberlain replied, saying that he had been told that to secure a nomination he must use money or pledge himself to support the fraudulent bonds and the Blue Ridge Scrip; and he charged by indirection that Elliott was the mouth piece of the plunderers. Chamberlain was renominated, and I regarded this as the triumph of reform. This was at midnight. At ten o'clock the following morning, I saw Chamberlain and Elliott marching into the capitol, arm in arm and keeping step to the music of public plunder. [Immense applause.] Then I averted from the path which I had followed. [Applause.] I speak of this in sorrow. I cannot speak of the sudden fall of this man fitted to adorn the highest places with honor, without sorrow. His is the most melancholy wreck ever stranded and scattered on the bleak shore of politics. [Applause.] Elliott has been for eight years the figure-head of corruption. [Applause.] His sabbathly held the Legislature together for 120 days for work that could have been despatched in twenty. Not only the State candidates symbolize corruption, but the Legislature which is to be elected behind them must have the same characteristics. This ticket means the most corrupt general assembly ever chosen. Such an assembly will never more be seen in South Carolina. The days of plunder are ended. [Applause.]

Demagogues calling themselves Republicans denounce the people of the South as rebels. This name no longer exists. It has been blotted from the political dictionary. [Applause.] At Bunker Hill, it was wiped out, and the pulse of the North throbs with that of the people of South Carolina. And the people of Boston, when they threw flowers in the path of the representatives of the South who shared with them the glories of their Centennial, bade them work out the redemption of South Carolina before the Christmas berries shall ripen again. [Enthusiastic applause.]

While, however the question of reform is of the greatest interest, another motive is of paramount importance. Gen. Hampton should not have my vote if I thought for a moment that by any act of his he would abridge the right of the poorest man. Better grinding poverty, better heavy taxation, better any evil than the loss of liberty. [Applause.] But the strong arm of Hampton will give protection to the humblest citizen in the land. [Loud cheers.]

A WORD FOR WALLACE.

I regret that Mr. Wallace is not present to night. [Laughter.] He never appears when there is any one to confront him. I wish we were here to meet me in respectful debate. He need not fear this assemblage. He would have had a respectful hearing. Republicans are here to-night, without molestation. Mr. Wallace should not dread to be present, under the protection of the presiding judge of this circuit. Were he here and the least violence offered him, I would protect him with my life. [Applause.] So, I am sure, would Mr. McCriley. [Loud laughter and applause.]

He excuses himself on the ground that he is not concerned in State interests. He should be doubly interested in these and in the welfare of his constituents. He dares not submit his cause to discussion. He plays a double game. He refuses to say whether he will support Chamberlain and Elliott. He refuses to answer charges brought against him. And on the 7th of November, judgment will be entered against him by default. [Applause.] Wallace goes in by ways, he sneaks through the underbrush, he glides snake-like through the grass, and thus makes his campaign. Like a wily old fox he eludes all pursuit, till a good hunter runs him into his hole, takes his torn and shaggy brush, and brings him back safely to Winnsboro. [Immense applause.] The committee reported this evening that Mr. Wallace is at the hotel. They are mistaken. He is not there. His tough old skin is now safely stretched on the barn-door of Major T. W. Woodward. [Loud laughter.] On the 26th of September the sly old fox was run into his hole and captured by the Fairfield beagles. [Cheers.]

I will now speak of taxation. (At this point Cummings, a carpet-bagger, with a few of his minions, who could not stand the castigation they had received at the hands of Judge Mackey, started for the door. The Judge said, "Come back, Mr. Cummings," but, being unheeded, added, "The men who leave are wise. They will not stay in the court-house any longer than they can get out.") [Great laughter and applause.]

If taxation be so high that the farmers must sell their lands, the laborer will be too poor to buy. High taxation lessens labor, but low taxation, by making money more plentiful, increases competition and raises wages. I know of a laborer on a jury who sold his own employer out, by rendering a verdict against him for money borrowed at an exorbitant rate to test the laborer himself. The voter who casts his ballots for corrupt men, by ruining his employer is destroying his own chances. Low taxation will bring immigration. Not the immigration of laborers that was in operation two years ago. Few of these immigrants survive. They were kicked to death by the uncivilized nules on the plantations. [Laughter.] But low taxation will bring in a flood of capital. The country will be developed, and the price of labor will be vastly increased.

The election of Hampton means life to the public schools, that are the fortress and bulwark of a free people. What hope is there for the elevation of the colored man's son but in the enjoyment of a liberal system of education? [Applause, participated in by the colored people.] And yet in the past, the Republican officials have stolen at least one-half of the money appropriated for education. They have stolen the bread of knowledge from the parched lips of the sons and daughters of the poor of both races. [Loud applause.] The schools are opened on an average only 50 days in the year, when the law demands a session of six months. The teachers are wholly incompetent. The children cry for bread, and are fed on mouldy crusts. [Applause.] Nine tenths of the school commissioners of the State are unfit to teach the lowest grades, and yet they are placed in supervision of the whole educational system. The schools are not only 'non-political', and the division of party lines in selecting managers of instruction is on a par with employing a physician because he is a Republican. And ten thousand times a thousand brave men and noble women in South Carolina are sick of the disease of misrule. [Applause.] The county commissioners with few exceptions are recreants. Fifty of these faithless servants have been sent to the penitentiary in this circuit alone during the past four years. [Applause.] The entire government is a burden. The people are divided into two classes, the shimmers and the skinned. [Applause.]

You are told to vote the Republican ticket and your salvation is sure. This is false. Every man in the Union League is sworn to vote for good men. Yet this body has been wielded for the advancement of political desperadoes. The candidates are a curse in the State. They are as thick as blackberries in June, or the locusts that infested Egypt. They are engaged to spy and lie for money, or for self-interest. Here, then, are a set of bunnies who are employed to ride around and go to barbecues and whisper tales and slanders. Such a one differs from the honest laborer in this: the latter lives by the sweat of his brow, the former by the sweat of his jaw. [Loud laughter.] These fellows go around to barbecues, and there is nothing good about them but their appetites. [Continued laughter.] In the Congressional canvass, I take no part. [Laughter.] It is said I oppose him. I have never told the people not to take Mr. Wallace, but I said take him as an omelet. [Loud laughter.] You see I do not oppose him. [Laughter.] Nor even if I did, would I attack him to night. [Laughter.] It is the rule of a civilized warfare never to attack a prisoner, and Mr. Wallace is to-night the captive of Major Woodward. [Vociferous and prolonged applause.]

It has been said that the State is troubled. This is true. The people are concerned. In the holy Scriptures, mention is made of the pool of Bethesda whose waters gave healing to the nations. But they had no healing properties until they were stirred by the wings of an angel. The wings of the angel of Reform are now spread over South Carolina, and are troubling the political waters to night. They trouble but to heal, and relief will come as surely as the sun rises in its circle through the heavens to-morrow. [Loud cheering.]

Reform must come. We have reached the meridian of wrong, and the sun of misrule is sinking in the west. [Loud applause.] Judge Mackey then demonstrated to the blacks the folly of raising the race issue. By natural increase alone, the whites would outnumber the blacks of South Carolina in thirty-two years. Besides, white immigration will pour in steadily, while there is no hope of this for the blacks. He told the

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